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BLINDMAN'S BUFF IN THE PHILIPPINES.

LIFE



## Taken from Life (Verses and Pictures)



"Like Venus, her sweet lips and eyes,  
Above her wind-tossed plaitie;  
She plays—my fortune for her prize,  
Dan Cupid for her caddie."

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# LIFE.

## Mind vs. Matter.



COME, Sarah and Matilda  
And Margaret and Dora;  
Come, Daisy, Chloe and Hilda  
And Maud and Jane and Cora.  
  
Come, Mary and Myrtilla  
And Katherine and Fanny,  
And Sophie and Priscilla  
And Eleanor and Annie.  
  
Come, Lizzie, Flo and Nancy!  
My manly heart a-swelling;  
For in my ardent fancy  
I'd have you all a-dwelling.  
  
How useless base reality,  
With one girl in the traces,  
When, spurning gross legality,  
My mind all these embraces.

## The Modern Magazine.

THE magazine editor calls his assistant to the awe-inspiring precincts of the sanctum.

"Have you," he asked, "accepted that poem on 'The Power of Love,' by John L. Fitz-Jeffries?"

"It is done," replies the assistant.

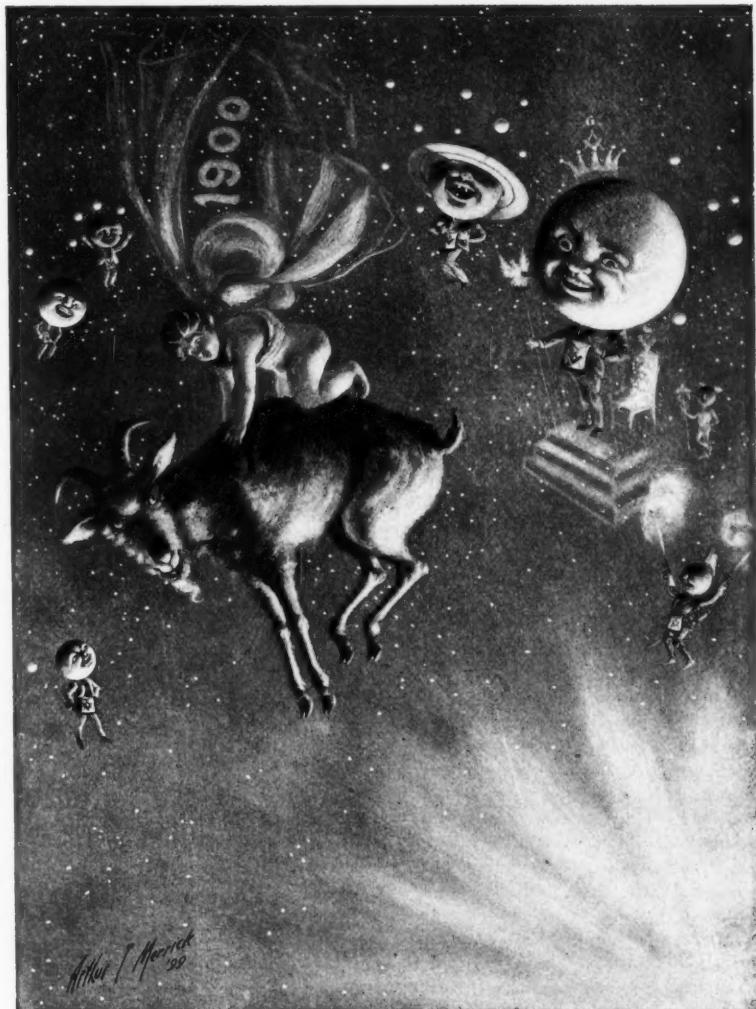
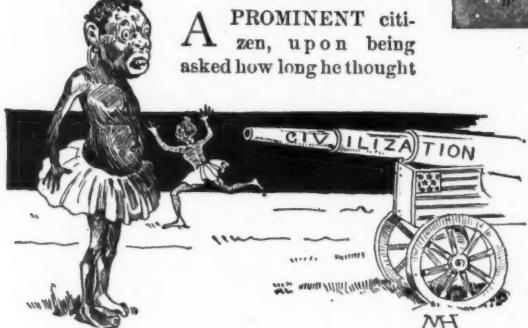
"Well! Here is an article on 'Higher Culture,' by Richard Broker; an essay on 'Business Life,' by Prof. Greekroot; another on 'American Politics,' by the Rev. Darkhearse, and yet another on the 'Efficacy of Prayer,' by Senator Banna. See that they are paid for at once. But who is the man that waits in the ante-room?"

"He says that he is a great author."

"An author! Show him the door. I have no time for authors."

## Estimated.

A PROMINENT citizen, upon being asked how long he thought



SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.  
CAPRICORNUS—DECEMBER.

it would be before the Philippines were thoroughly Christianized, replied: "Oh, in about ten years. By that time every Philippine husband ought to be staying home from church Sunday morning, reading the Sunday papers."

## A Motto for the Partisans of a Certain Rear-Admiral.

"A SCHLEY well stuck to is as good as a Dewey."

PERHAPS the worst sort of hypocrisy is the trying to make yourself believe that you don't think you are better than you know you are.

# • LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

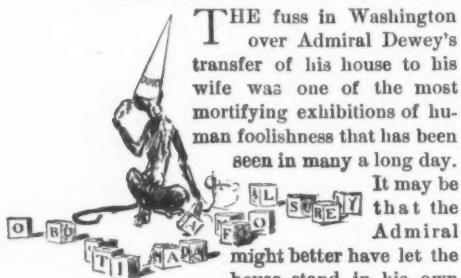
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THE fuss in Washington over Admiral Dewey's transfer of his house to his wife was one of the most mortifying exhibitions of human foolishness that has been seen in many a long day. It may be seen in many a long day. It may be surely that the Admiral might better have let the house stand in his own name, but anyone with ordinary gumption must have recognized that the transfer, as first reported, had no great significance, but was a bit of gallantry that enabled our newly-married hero to give tangible expression to sentiments that became him. In truth, and obviously, the Admiral could by no means have shown more unmistakably how deeply he appreciated the gift that had been made to him, than by the disposition he chose to make of it. The clamor that followed was simply monstrous both in quality and extent. Who would have imagined that there were loose in the country, and especially in Washington, so many underbred persons incapable of appreciating motives that were easily obvious, and lacking even the discretion to keep their babblings out of print! If the Admiral had been merely astonished and annoyed by this extraordinary outburst it would not have mattered, but unluckily he is a sensitive man, and by accepting a gift had incurred obligation, and the clamor hurt him.

What hurt him, hurt several millions of the rest of us, as Washington has

already discovered. LIFE has never regarded Admiral Dewey as a demigod, or has ever been sure that he was the greatest naval hero known to history, but it has observed, as others have, that he is a modest and gallant gentleman, as well as a bold and efficient fighter. One can easily endure to have a person of this quality overpraised, for he deserves praise, and if he gets too much it is only a little more than good measure. But when the inconsiderate flout him, that is not to be endured for a moment. He is far too good a gentleman, and has done us far too great a service for that to be tolerable.

The pack has been called off now; the Admiral has indicated the whole scope of his intentions about the house; his friends who asked for no explanations have been heard from by the thousand, and the whole incident is ancient history. Now we can smile and recall what philosophers of all times have said about the fickleness of the popular fancy.



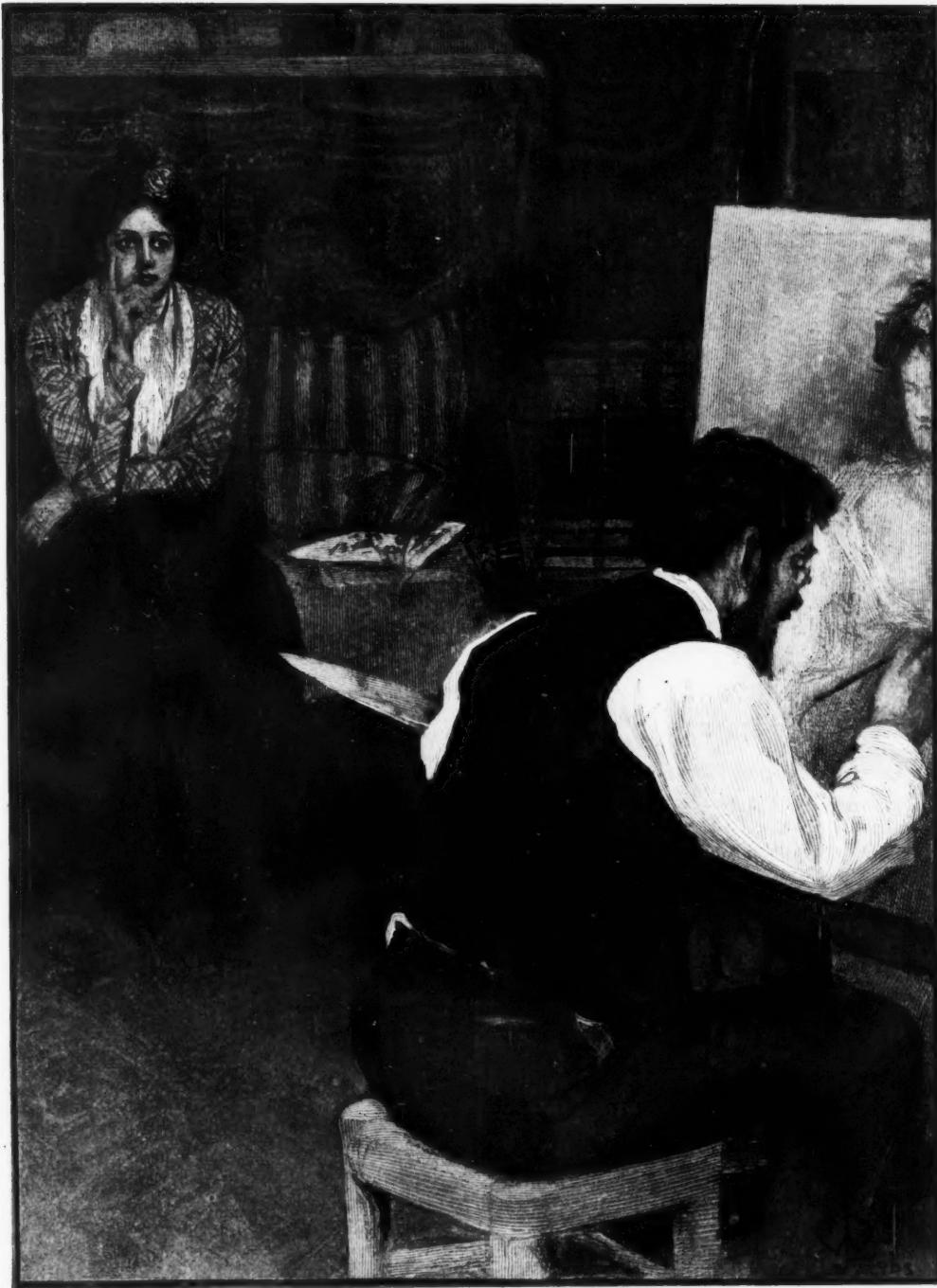
THE case of Mr. Roberts the Mormon continues to excite a vast deal of public interest, and a considerable proportion of the church population of the country is losing sleep in its anxiety about the action of the House. According to the Rev. Mr. Hepworth's statement of the case, Mr. Roberts, having two or three wives, was arrested for polygamy in 1889 under the Federal statute and served a term in the penitentiary. His conviction in this case disqualifies him from holding office, but under the amnesty proclamations of 1893 and 1894 he swore off all future polygamous dispositions and intentions, and with them his disabilities. That should have cleared his record, but it became cloudy again in 1897 owing to the ominous enterprise of the second Mrs. Roberts in having twins. The twins gave rise to the suspicion that Mr. Roberts had not lived up to the terms on which he contracted for amnesty, but was still essentially polygamous in important particulars. The question which is to come before the House seems to be whether these embarrassing twins of '97 constitute prima facie evidence of polygamy, or merely indicate a lapse of morals. If

Mr. Roberts is merely immoral the House will hardly venture to expel him, but if it is persuaded that he is an active and defiant polygamist it may feel warranted in doing so. LIFE wants Mr. Roberts to have fair treatment, but if Dr. Hepworth's account of him is true, it certainly seems as if he would be better employed in Utah supporting his families, than in Washington making rules about expansion. If the facts are such as to compel him to admit either that he has broken the oath that made him eligible for Congress, or that the twins of '97 were not born in wedlock, it is hard to see how he can escape the conclusion that for him the post of honor is a private station. He is said to be a very good sort of man, and disposed to deal honorably with the ladies of his families. If he has got into polygamy so inextricably that he can't get out, it would be wiser for him to recognize that he has made his beds and had better go home and lie in them.

Nevertheless, it is not clear that his case is of such far reaching importance as is asserted, for he avers, and his declaration seems credible, that polygamy as an institution is dead in the Mormon church, and that however the surviving responsibilities of it may linger to vex some men of the present generation, the next generation will be quit of it altogether. It is out of date, hopelessly and irretrievably. Why, then, should our moral and religious friends be so excited over the last, laboring gasps of a moribund iniquity?



THE lesson of the Harvard-Yale football game appears to be that it is not enough to be merely strenuous but that if we are to win we should be strategical also. Governor Roosevelt watched the game, and we must hope that its significance did not escape him. His course in the matter of the State constabulary bill is being watched with interest, but with reasonable confidence on the part of his friends that it will be wise. To get the police force of New York out of the hands of Tammany would in itself be a great good, but to accomplish it by such a measure as is proposed would be paying far too dear for an advantage.



UP-TO-DATE PORTRAITURE.

"I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON THIS WOMAN NOW FOR FIVE WEEKS."

"AND NOT YET SUCCESSFUL?"

"NO. SHE STILL COMPLAINS THAT THE PICTURE LOOKS LIKE HER."



*The Lion: I WONDER WHY THEY CALL me KING OF BEASTS!*

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THERE is more joy among the yellow journals over one good man who sins, than over ninety and nine sinners who repent.



TOUJOURS L'AMOUR.

There was a young man of Dunbar,  
Who playfully poisoned his ma.  
As he gazed on his work  
He remarked with a smirk,  
"This will cause quite a family jar."



A Young Man's Life of Lincoln.

NORMAN HAPGOOD'S new life of "Abraham Lincoln: The Man of the People" (Macmillan) justifies itself by being interesting and judicious. Previous lives are the work of friends, associates, and contemporaries; this one is by a young man whose whole life has been lived since Lincoln died. It is no doubt the first of a long series of books about Lincoln which coming decades will produce, founded on the *literary* portrait of Lincoln produced by his own writings and those of his contemporaries.

For Lincoln the documents are all in, the evidence of eye-witnesses is closed, the special pleading of advocates has been heard. Lincoln as a figure in history is now and will continue to be before the great jury of his peers—the People.

It is curious to watch this evolution of the literary portrait of a great man, and to speculate on the amount of error which is created by the personal equation of the historians who aid in producing it. How much is Sparks and how much Irving in the idea which we call Washington? How much Boswell is there in the accepted portrait of Dr. Johnson? Every new historian goes back to the "original sources" to counteract this, but there comes a time when a man of literary genius stamps the portrait once for all with lineaments which stand. And the accepted estimate, the historical portrait, may be *not* the man as he was, but the man as modified by the personality of the historian. Immortality finally resolves itself into literary vitality.

\* \* \*

M R. HAPGOOD makes no pretense to have achieved or attempted such an historical portrait. He has written a young



"A LITTLE LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT."



"SAY, REMBRANDT, THAT'S THE MOST LIFE-LIKE COLLAR YOU'VE EVER PAINTED."

man's life of Lincoln for young men. It is good reading for a student at high school or at college, and admirable entertainment for a busy man of affairs who is interested in the politics of his country. From all the personal memoirs of Lincoln he has selected just the anecdote or incident that you want to remember in order to fill out a human portrait of the great executive. He has tried to select those incidents which are doubly true, because they are at once actual and significant.

Consequently, this brief biography shows clearly the evolution of a great statesman from a shrewd country politician. For Lincoln was always a politician—sometimes perilously near being "an unscrupulous politician." There is no need to hide these things—for he is a greater man when seen clearly as he was. The country store diplomat managing a national cabinet of strong men is a picture to stir enthusiasm, as well as to amuse. Mr. Hapgood's biography is especially effective in exhibiting Lincoln's power to use his bitterest enemies for his own purpose—which was

always not his personal aggrandizement, but the preservation of the Union.

\* \* \*

IT is a long time since there has been a real Christmas story of the kind that Dickens made popular. Thomas Nelson Page has succeeded in "Santa Claus's Partner" (Scribner) in creating a very modern American Christmas tale—full of old-fashioned sentiment which is always new and true. The hero is a modern man of affairs, refined, cold, executive, absorbed in his own projects. He is not overdrawn—they are plenty like him.

But he was missing a great many things, while he thought he was acquiring everything that he wanted—and a little girl opened his eyes on Christmas eve. The story is told very simply and with beautiful art—which is only possible when the feeling is genuine.

Droch.

**R**ULE: All the world loves a lover.  
**E**XCEPTION: The District of Columbia.

## • LIFE •



BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION.

## An Inevitable Result.

**V**ON BLUMER had arrived at a conclusion by going through a long train of thought, and he did not propose to be driven from it now by the unreasonable and senseless talk of a woman.

"I have determined," he said emphatically, "to pay cash for everything hereafter and avoid all those fatal consequences which are inevitable to the man who allows himself to be in a continual state of debt."

"But, my dear," expostulated Mrs. Von Blumer, "what a nuisance! Think of always having to make change, and I don't see what difference it makes any way, as long as you pay your bills monthly."

"No woman ever did," said Von Blumer. "When it comes to a straight business proposition a woman may be expected to balk every time and run away. You don't understand these

matters, and you never will. But I am going to arrange this thing at once."

And he walked to his grocer's with the proud and defiant air of a martyr.

"I have long dreamed of this moment," he said to himself, "when my business should be prosperous enough to enable me to close up all my outstanding accounts and run my affairs as they ought to be run."

"Mr. Whitesand," he said to the grocer as he took him aside in a corner of his store, "hereafter I will pay you cash for everything."

Mr. Whitesand looked surprised.

"If you prefer it that way," he said, "why, very well. We are always willing to do a cash business, but as a matter of convenience to you —"

"Say no more," broke in Von Blumer. "I appreciate the fact that where a man runs a monthly account with you, it gives you more of a hold on him. Now, sir, I shall continue to deal with you as before, but from my standpoint it is business to pay cash. By doing this I always know where I stand. On the first of the month I am not confronted by a mass of bills, many of which I have forgotten, and almost all of which are larger than my most radical estimate. I propose to know just where I am every minute of the day, and I shall be obliged to you, sir, if you will make up my account to date, and hereafter I will pay as I go."

Mr. Whitesand gave the necessary instructions to his bookkeeper, and Von Blumer, having paid his bill and passed out, spent the remainder of the day in visiting his milkman,



*The Professor: HOW I WISH I MIGHT TEACH THESE BENIGHTED PEOPLE THAT IN A HOT COUNTRY A PURELY VEGETABLE DIET IS CONDUCE TO LONGEVITY.*



"I DO HOPE I SHALL SING BETTER TO-NIGHT THAN THE LAST TIME YOU PLAYED FOR ME, PROFESSOR."

"IT WILL BE EEMPOSSIBLE NOT TO, MADAME."

his marketman, fishman, vegetable man, iceman, carpenter, plumber, clothes re-pairer, laundryman and all the rest of his creditors, and after explaining the object of his visit, and settling up in full, he returned home, flushed with triumph and in the proud consciousness that he owed no man a dollar.

It was two months later, at eight thirty on the morning of the second day of the month, as Von Blumer sat at the break-

fast table comfortably reading the paper, that Mrs. Von Blumer, excusing herself from the room, presently returned bearing in her arms a large tray, which she impressively placed in front of her lord and master. On the tray was a pile of heterogeneous envelopes a foot high.

"What's this!" ejaculated Von Blumer.

"These," replied his wife, as he

glared successively at the names of the grocer, butcher, gasman, iceman and twenty others, "are only a few little bills, my dear, that have accumulated since you began paying cash for everything!"

*Tom Masson.*

### The Dewey { Arch. Navy

**T**HE arch as it stands in "staff" is the Dewey Arch, with Cousin George's name on the north side, with words of greeting to him and his on their return.

The arch as it may stand in marble, if the means and the place are provided, will be the Navy Arch, and will stand in honor of all our illustrious sea-generals, Cousin George among the rest.

This has been the plan from the beginning, and occasion was recently taken to emphasize it when the Admiral's disposition of his Washington house was so unpleasantly criticised. The occasion for emphasis was very ill chosen, and the choice has naturally been resented by the Admiral's friends. The Committee has appeared to desire all the support it could get for the arch as the Dewey Arch, and then all available additional backing for it as the Navy Arch. That procedure has an ungraceful appearance. Still the Committee's main purpose is wiser than its methods. The arch in marble should be the Navy Arch, and it should not be, in formal intention and by inscription, exclusively or predominantly a Dewey Arch, though if posterity chooses to call it the Dewey Arch, we can't help it and it will do no harm.



A SCHOONER GOING INTO THE DOC.

•LIFE•



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PEOPLE WHO WILL HAVE  
THE GIRL WHO WANTED

LIFE



WHO WILL HAVE THEIR OWN WAY.

GIRL WHO WANTED A SMALL WAIST.

**Ye Maiden and Ye Birdie.**

"O H, pretty bird," the maiden said,  
"It makes me weep and cry  
To see thee thus imprison-ed  
When thou hast wings to fly!"  
The birdie wept and shook his head  
To find such sympathy.  
"Thy brilliancy will soon be gone,  
Or eaten by the cat.  
Oh, cruel men," the maid went on,  
"To pen thee up like that!  
\* \* \*  
When thou wouldest look so well upon  
My bran-new winter hat!"

Paul West.

**The Adroit Proceedings of Jane.**

**S**INCE the dispersion of Mr. Daly's company the Lyceum organization is the only one in this country that can in the slightest degree lay claim to distinction as a body of actors long enough associated to work harmoniously as a unit. Even the Lyceum Company is a limited one in its fixed members, and by its variation in make-up serves to emphasize the fact that this great nation of theatre-goers has no stock company in the real sense of the word. We have stars galore and companies that for one season and in one play produce effective results, but we have no organization with discipline, traditions and the common understanding among its members which brings about the absolutely complete and polished representation of a series of plays. Mr. Daniel Frohman and the Lyceum Company have succeeded to Mr. Augustin Daly's theatre. Whether they have succeeded to his ambitions or to anything like the ability to equal the accomplishments of the former manager and his company remains a secret still deeply concealed in the bosom of the future. \* \* \*

**A**AS a vehicle for the abilities of any company "The Maneuvers of Jane," by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, is not all that could be desired. It is original in many of its episodes and situations, but the action drags, and its general brightness is interspersed by much that is commonplace and dull. We are obliged to concede to two lovers, who, for any reason that the audience can see, might have gone off and married at any time of the six months covered by the play's action, an ineffable



PAUL WEST

stupidity which makes them not elope until the last moment, and then return without having married to secure in the conventional way the relenting and consent of the stern parent. Their main and apparently only real obstacle is a prying child, whom they might easily have eluded at any time. Here is the very slender material out of which Mr. Jones has constructed a four-act comedy.

Considering the absolute poverty of the story the piece is amusing. In the first place it is polite and inoffensive. Its people are well-bred—except where they are intentionally made to appear otherwise—and are placed in the genteel surroundings of upper-class English life. The side incidents are funny and the eccentric types are for the most part humorous. It is a tribute to Mr. Jones's ability, or to the easiness of satisfying the dramatic demands of to-day, that with so little he has been able to accomplish so much.

Two pieces of character work save the play from dismal failure. The most prominent is the *Lord Bapchild* of Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk. It is reminiscent of the titled ass played by Mr. Gottschalk in "The Amazons," by the same author, but is a sufficiently differentiated type of the British

hereditary idiot to be equally amusing without being a repetition. The two might very well be cousins in the same generation of a noble family gone to seed. The other redeeming character of the piece is *Pamela Beechinor*, an extremely disagreeable little girl at the most disagreeable age of little girls. Among those of her own ageshe would be called a tell-tale and tag-tail, and in the play her spying, tagging and attempted telling are at the expense of the lovers. She is what might be termed a holy terror, and in *Pamela* Mr. Jones has given us a character new to the stage but closely studied from real life. With the exception of occasionally using tones entirely too contralto for a girl of *Pamela*'s apparent age, Miss Jessie Busley gives an admirable and most laughable rendering of the part. Miss Mannering, very unbecomingly gowned, is *Jane*, the sprightly and charming author of the maneuvers which give the piece its title. These are not many nor intricate and wind up in her marrying her lover *Georgie*, acted naturally and in a manly way by Mr. Courtenay. To that excellent actress, Miss Bessie Tyree, is assigned the part of *Jane's* companion, a level-headed young person whose aim, from which she never deviates for an instant, is to annex the title and possessions of *Bapchild* along with his unpleasant person. The odds seem to be against her as *Bapchild* has really not brains enough to make up his mind to marry, but the clever *Connie* has determination enough for two and compasses her ambition. Miss Tyree keeps well within her powers and makes attractive a part which in less skillful hands might have been most repellent. There are the other necessary characters well done by the well-known stand-bys of the Lyceum Company and one character absolutely unnecessary to the purposes of the play is introduced simply to burst into exaggerated roars of laughter. Some people can laugh artificially so that it provokes laughter in others. Mr. Findlay, who has the unnecessary part, cannot do this and should be promptly eliminated for there can be no other excuse for his remaining.

Mr. Frohman's company does not in this play show that it has any rightful claim to the succession of Mr. Daly's. As a contributing factor in New York's hope for permanence as a dramatic metropolis it is to be desired that Mr. Frohman shall strengthen the personnel of his organization, and give it better material to work with.

Metcalfe.

**TOURIST (in Kentucky.) Does lynching prevent crime?**

**COLONEL CORKRIGHT:** Yes, suh; I have nevuh known a man to commit a crime aftuh he had been thoroughgly lynched.

**Solid Enjoyment.**



HAPPY the man, within his club at ease,  
Clean-shaven, dressed, a dinner neatly spread,  
Who looks upon the wine when it is red  
(And slightly warmed), his napkin on his knees,  
Thinking, if he's a lawyer, on his fees,  
—At any rate, contented with his day—  
Who can at last, with independence, say,  
"From now to midnight I'll do what I please:  
"I will not read the *Sun*, nor eke the *Post*;  
"The *World* and *Journal*! Faugh! Let Dana roast

"Cleveland and Schley, and so forth; one thing sure,  
"No line from magazine may I endure:  
"Waiter! bring this week's *LIFE* — I wish it were a daily;  
"Brandy and soda, too — I'll end the evening gaily."

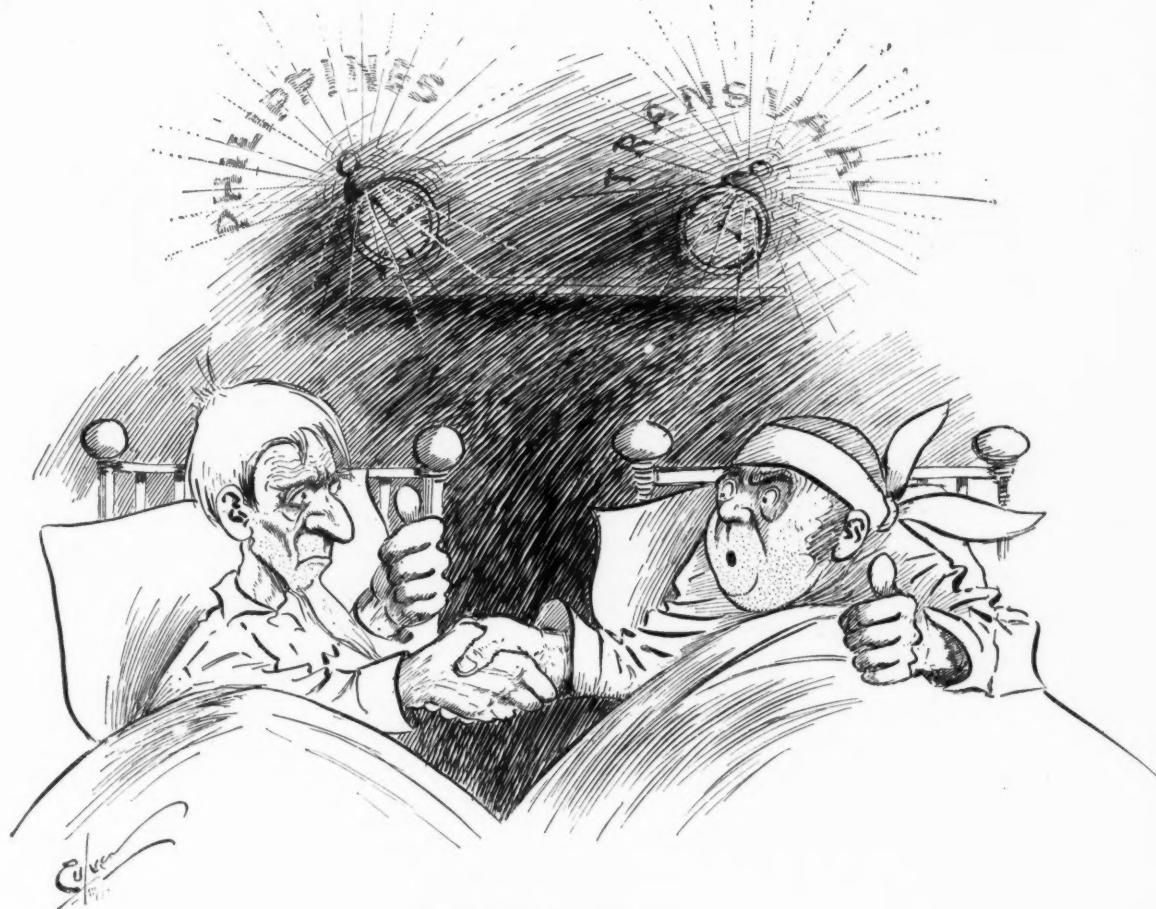
ONE may safely conclude from the following story that the good old faith of Calvin is very much alive yet. An American lady who was in the Highlands shooting with her husband, attended the local kirk one Sunday morning, but left it with scandalous precipitation. For an hour the good minister had been fiercely raging at his benighted congregation, and wound up:

"And pairhaps" (with pious cunning)  
"ye'll be thinkin', ye wairthless waistrels,  
that ye can daddle intae Paradise by clootchin' tae *my* coat-tails! Dinna be deceivit, for mark weel" (a pause of stern and holy joy), "when the Trump of Gabriel soonds, I'll sneak them aff!"

**Proved.**

HIM: This Administration is as futile and ineffective and useless and—

HIS WIFE: It is, John, it is. Why, there isn't a single letter box with a slit big enough for you to mail a bundle o' papers.

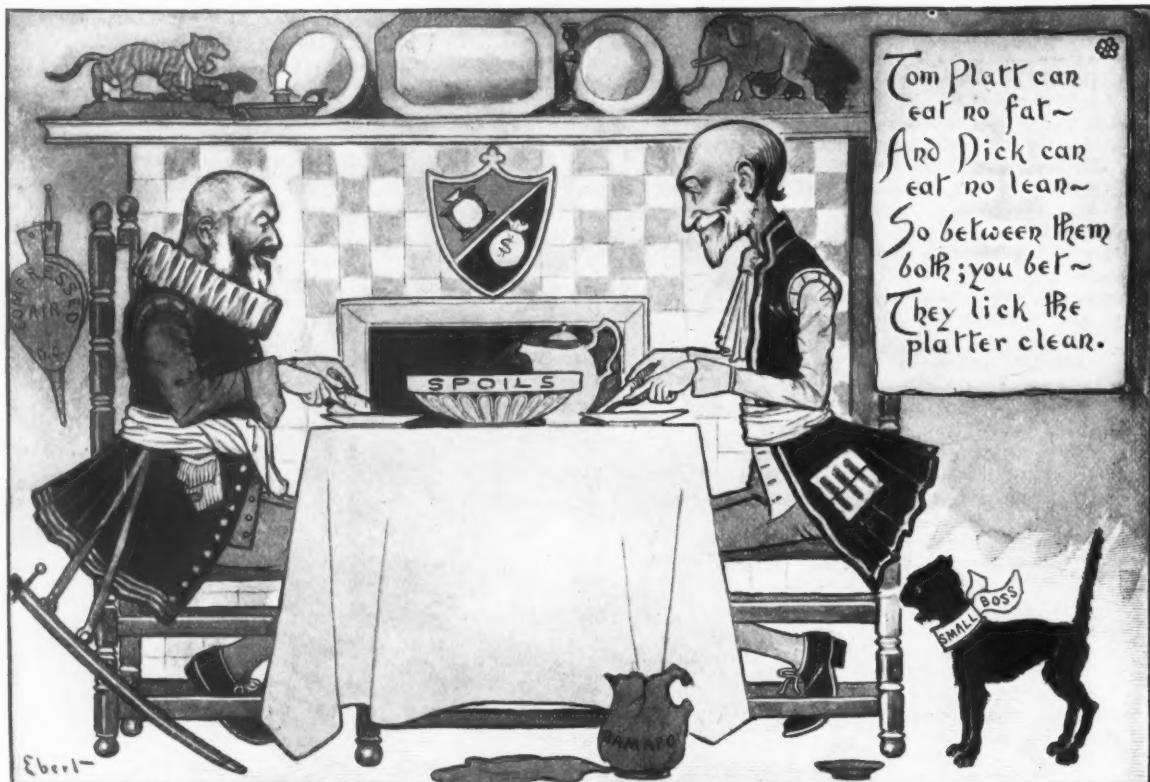


MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

John Bull: YOU DON'T LOOK HAS IF YOU SLEPT MUCH, HUNCLE.

Uncle Sam: NO, I DON'T SLEEP ANY MORE.

"OW EXTREMELY HODD! I'VE GOT THE BLOOMIN' INSOMNIA MESELF, YE KNOW—SHAKE!"



MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE.

## A Letter.

CHICAGO, 1899.

DEAR LIFE :

**R**EFFERRING to the Transvaal war: You are, no doubt, quite familiar with England's course towards the American Colonies.

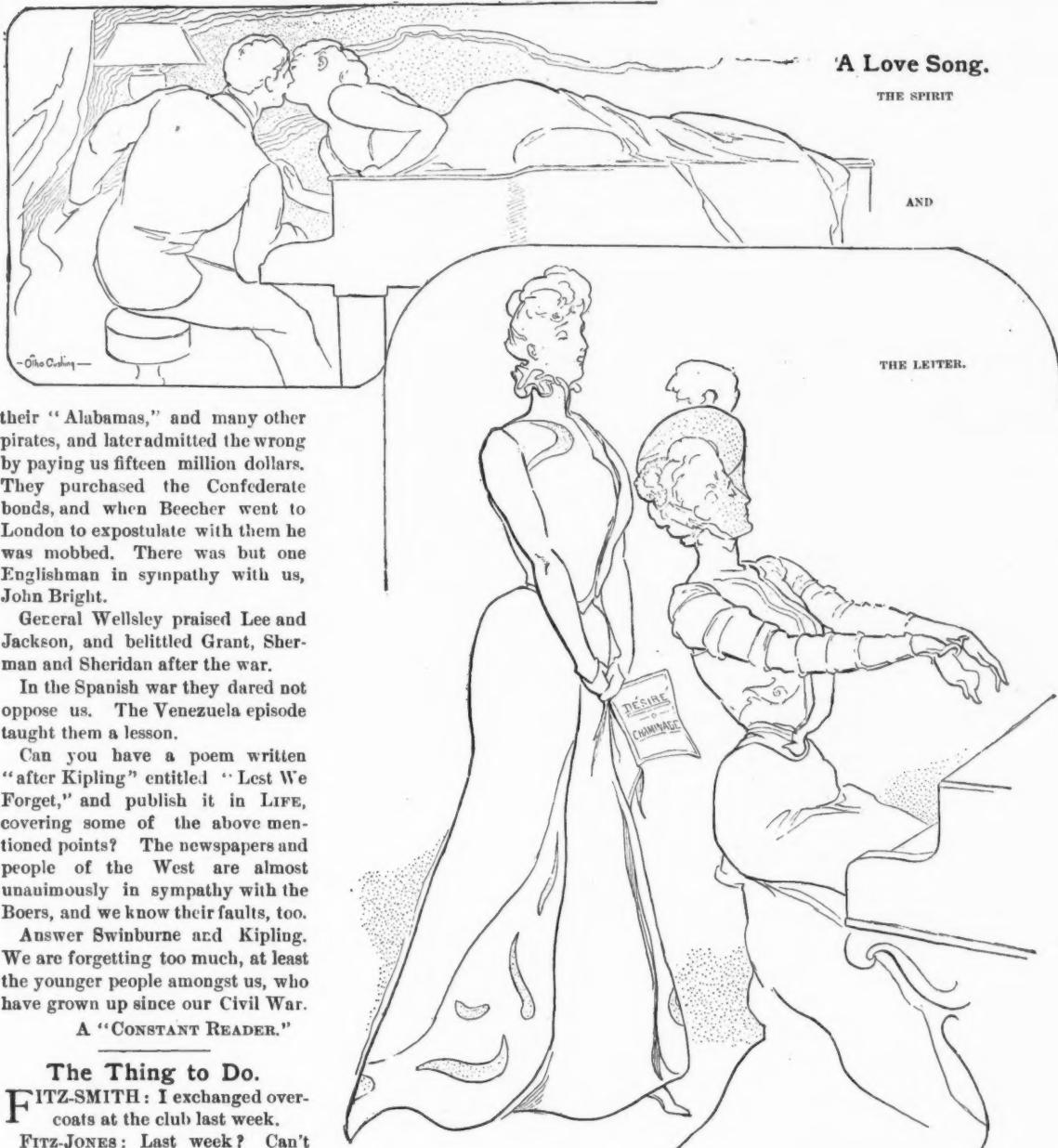
In Boston they gave private theatricals, mimicking the uncouth boorish Yankee as they now belittle the Boers.

In 1814 they burned down Washington City.

Previous to our Civil War they denounced us for not abolishing slavery, because it was barbaric and unchristian. They alluded to our flag as the "flaunting lie," "half slave, half free." They pretended to hate slavery. Yet, when the war broke out to abolish slavery, they were found solidly on the Southern side. I was an officer in the Union army. They glorified in Bull Run and all other rebel victories, and minimized our success; They furnished all, or very nearly all, of the war implements and ammunition for the South, and every bullet fired at us bore their best wishes for its deadly success. Out of the fourteen hundred blockade runners captured by our navy, thirteen hundred and fifty were traced to English dock-yards, and fifty went down so fast that there was no one left to tell where they came from, but we knew that they came from the same yards. They preyed upon our commerce with



Mickey (with chattering teeth): COME ON IN, JIMMY, DE WATER'S FINE.



their "Alabamas," and many other pirates, and later admitted the wrong by paying us fifteen million dollars. They purchased the Confederate bonds, and when Beecher went to London to expostulate with them he was mobbed. There was but one Englishman in sympathy with us, John Bright.

General Wellsley praised Lee and Jackson, and belittled Grant, Sherman and Sheridan after the war.

In the Spanish war they dared not oppose us. The Venezuela episode taught them a lesson.

Can you have a poem written "after Kipling" entitled "Lest We Forget," and publish it in LIFE, covering some of the above mentioned points? The newspapers and people of the West are almost unanimously in sympathy with the Boers, and we know their faults, too.

Answer Swinburne and Kipling. We are forgetting too much, at least the younger people amongst us, who have grown up since our Civil War.

#### A "CONSTANT READER."

#### The Thing to Do.

FITZ-SMITH: I exchanged overcoats at the club last week.

FITZ-JONES: Last week? Can't you find the man?

"This overcoat cost more than mine; it is his place to hunt me."

HE: You don't think Miss Paddington's figure magnificent? She is exactly my ideal.

SHE: You know that I have always insisted that yours were false ideals.

#### Economy.

THE pastor's wife heard of a desperately poor family. Of course, she went to see about it. A man with a month's growth of beard opened the door for her. The room certainly wasn't very cheerful, but in one corner there

was a coal-oil stove which was still burning, although it was after ten o'clock.

"Well," she said to the man, "why do you keep your stove burning all day?"

"Oh, mum," he answered, "we ain't got no matches, an' if we put it out, we couldn't never light it again."

# LIFE.



THE SULU SULTAN'S HAREM.

Above a sultan's harem  
Old Glory now doth float,  
And o'er a Sulu slave-mart  
The Stars and Stripes we note  
They're there by formal treaty  
In which we sanction free  
The harem and the slave-mart  
As things that ought to be!  
For woman's degradation,  
For man's enslavement vile,  
Old Glory now is lifted  
In a distant Sulu Isle;  
Hurrah for our new empire;  
Hurrah for our new creed!  
A harem and a slave-mart  
Means liberty indeed!

*—St. Louis Republic.*

MRS. MAXINE ELLIOTT GOODWIN preserves in an expensive frame, under a glass cover, a telegram from Mr. Goodwin which cost the actor many thousands of dollars, and incidentally led to his marriage and his subsequent settling down. It was sent just before Mr. Goodwin's latest trip to Australia, on which trip he became engaged, matrimonially, to his wife. George B. McLellan was Mr. Goodwin's manager at that time, and he needed a leading woman to accompany the actor to the antipodes. He consulted with Frederick Edward McKay, of the *Dramatic News*, who was conducting a theatrical intelligence office, and Mr. McKay suggested Miss Elliott, who had just left Daly's stock company.

Together they went to Miss Elliott's hotel and prevailed upon her to accept the vacant place. This decision was

telegraphed at once to Goodwin, who answered with this query:

"All right, but isn't she too tall?"

When Miss Elliott saw this reply she declined the offer with equal promptness, and immediately left for San Francisco to take the leading place in a stock company. But Mr. Goodwin, with the proverbial changeability of genius, regretted his query almost as soon as he had made it, and he followed Miss Elliott to San Francisco the next week. There he saw her play, and with impetuous eloquence he persuaded her to go with his company. But it cost him twenty-five hundred dollars to the San Francisco manager, the privilege of producing Mr. Goodwin's plays on the coast at a reduced royalty, double the salary he had first promised Miss Elliott, and a place in his company for Miss Elliott's sister.

*—Saturday Evening Post.*

APROPOS of Superintendent Andrews's reported objection to the singing of the "Recessional" in the Chicago public schools on the ground that the atheists might be offended, the *Chicago Post* says:

For the benefit of our skittish friends, the atheists, and in order not to deprive the public school children of the literary beauties of certain poems that may be classed by Dr. Andrews as "hymns," we venture to suggest this compromise, taking a few lines in illustration from our National anthem:

"Our fathers' God—assuring purely for the sake of argument that there is a God—to Thee,  
Author of liberty—with apologies to our friends, the atheists—  
To Thee I sing—but we needn't mean it, you know.  
Long may our land be bright,  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might—remember this is purely hypothetical—  
Great God—again assuming that there is a God—our king—simply an allegorical phrase and not intended offensively to any taxpayer."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY: NEW YORK.

*Boy Life on the Prairie.* By Hamlin Garland.

*Drake and His Yeomen.* By James Barnes.

*Nature Pictures by American Poets.* Selected by Annie Russel Marble, A.M.

*Saracinesca.* II vols. By F. Marion Crawford.

HERBERT S. STONE AND COMPANY: CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

*To London Town.* By Arthur Morrison.

*Scoundrels & Co.* By Coulson Kernahan.

*Love Made Manifest.* By Guy Boothby.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS: NEW YORK.

*Autobiographical Sketches of Mrs. John Drew.* With Biographical Notes by Douglas Taylor.

*The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson.* II vols.

HARPER AND BROTHERS: NEW YORK AND LONDON.

*Red Potage.* By Mary Cholmondeley.

*Peter Newell's Pictures and Rhymes.*

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY: NEW YORK.

*Shameless Wayne.* By Hallwell Sutcliffe.

*What is Good English and Other Essays.* By Harry Thurston Peck.

*The Statistical Year Book of Canada.*

*Life.* By John Rankin Rogers. San Francisco: The Whitaker and Ray Company.

*Luther Strong.* By Thomas J. Vivian. New York: R. F. Fenno and Company.

*Trooper Tales.* By Will Lexington Comfort. New York: Street and Smith.

*The Journal of William Jefferay, Gentleman.* Edited by John Osborne Austin. Printed at Providence, R. I.

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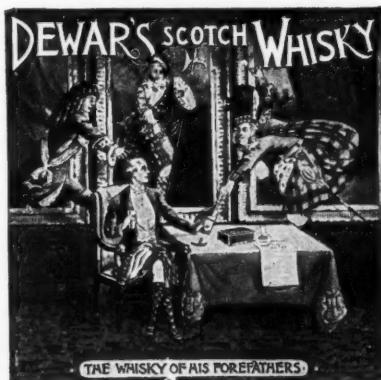
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THEIR FIRST.

He: "I can't find my watch anywhere, dear. Have you seen it?"  
She: "It's all right dear. Taby's got it in his mouth!" —Moonshine.



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# • LIFE •

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— *Washington Star.*

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WIFE: No, indeed, I haven't; not a thing. I'd be ashamed to be seen anywhere. My very newest party dress has been worn three times already.

"Yes, that's just what I told Bliffkins when he offered me two tickets for the opera to-night. I knew that if I took them they'd only be wasted. So I just took one. Well, I must hurry."

— *St. Andrew's Gazette.*

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— *The Chicago Record.*

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WEARY WALKER: Dat's a mighty short stump yer smokin'.

DUSTY RHODES: Yep; I like 'em dat way; 'yer don't have ter draw de smoke so far. — *Philadelphia Record.*

THERE was a young man in the choir,  
Whose voice rose hoar and hoar,  
Tiss so high it did soar,  
You could hear it no moar,  
And 'twas found next day on the spoir.  
— *Chicago News.*

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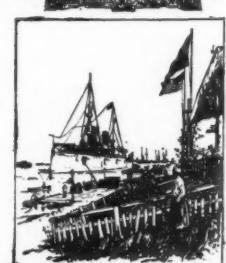
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—Moonshine,

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